

# Squatter Sovereign.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MERCANTILE AFFAIRS AND USEFUL READING.

STRINGFELLOW & KELLEY,

"The Squatter claims the same Sovereignty in the Territories that he possessed in the States."

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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## The Squatter Sovereign.

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I know you did; but I will bet five dollars I can name a dozen things that you have not got down.

"Done!" said the lady with a laugh, as she took from her drawer a five dollar bill, and placed it on the table.

Charles Converse covered the money.

"Capital idea for you to bet against me with my money!" said he, good humoredly.

"If I lose, I will do without that new berrage I am to have."

"Nay, my dear, I don't want you to do that."

"But go on."

"Pew rent, six dollars," said the husband promptly.

"Here it is," answered she pointing to the entry on the book. "Try again."

"Season ticket on the railroad—twenty."

"I have it."

"Savings the wood."

"Entered."

Charles reflected a moment; the case began to look desperate.

"New linings for the cooking stove."

"Here; two dollars."

"Cleaning the clock."

"One dollar—here it is."

Mr. Converse began to look hopeless.

"My taxes."

"Well I have not got that."

But that was the only thing he could mention of these necessary expenses, that was not found to be regularly entered on his wife's book.

"Your figures can't be correct, Mary," said he.

"Why not?"

"My salary is all used up and you can account for only four hundred and ninety-two dollars of it."

"You must explain the balance."

"I! Why, Mary I have not been extravagant. It is true I buy a great many little things in the course of a year, but they are hardly worth the mention."

"Ah! there's the mischief. That is where the money goes to, you may depend upon it."

"Nonsense! You women don't understand these things."

"Of course we don't!"

"Well, your figures show that you don't."

Where has the three hundred dollars gone to, then?"

"I don't know, Charley. I haven't the least idea. I am sure that I have got down all the items that came within my knowledge. I am positive you have brought home no article of any description that has not been entered on the book—I mean article of food and clothing, and things for the house."

"But just look at it a moment. You don't mean to say that I have spent three hundred dollars over and above our necessary expenses?" said Charles a little warmly.

"I don't mean to say anything about it, for I don't know anything about it."

"Now I think of it there's my life insurance, have you got that down?"

"I have not."

"There is forty of the three hundred."

"But it leaves two hundred and sixty-eight dollars unaccounted for."

"It would take a great while to collect money enough to build a house, even if the whole of this sum were saved."

"Not a great while, Charles. You know my father has promised to give you the land when you have the means to build a house upon it."

"It will be a long while," laughed the husband.

"Five or six years, perhaps if you are prudent. Hasn't the president of your bank promised you a thousand dollars next year?"

"Yes."

"Then you can certainly save four hundred dollars a year."

"There are a thousand things we want when my salary is raised."

"But we can do without them."

"I suppose we can."

"Just look here, Charles."

Mrs. Converse took from her pocket a circular issued by the "People's Savings Bank," in which the accumulation of several small sums deposited weekly and quarterly were arranged in a table.

"Fifty dollars deposited every quarter will net in five years, \$1,141.25!" continued she, reading from the circular.

"Bah!" added Mr. Converse.

"That sum would build a very comfortable house; and when your salary is a thousand dollars a year you can save more than fifty dollars a quarter."

A five cent institution, isn't it?" answered the young man.

But he was much impressed by the reasoning of his wife, and in the course of

the evening he carefully read the circular of the Savings Bank.

Certainly he had every inducement for being saving and economical. He lived very cheaply in a small house belonging to his father-in-law for which he paid a merely nominal rent.

His wife's father was a wealthy farmer, or rather he had been a farmer before his domain was invaded by the march of improvement and his pastures and mowing lands laid out into house lots. As it was he still, from the force of habit improved a few acres, kept a couple of cows, a "henery," and a half a dozen pigs.

Charles Converse found this proximity to the "old folks at home," rather satisfactory, in his larder was partly stocked from the farm; and of course, no account was ever made of half a pig, a barrel of apples or potatoes, or a pair of chickens. Milk and eggs were so much fresher and better from "pa's" that of course the young couple never desired to obtain them from any other source.

They lived cheaply and lived in clover besides. Charles never liked to talk about financial matters with "pa," because the worthy old gentleman used to tell him how he lived on a hundred and fifty dollars a year, after he was married—thought he had a fat salary, and supposed, of course, he saved four hundred dollars a year out of it—and always wound up by saying that he would give him a house and lot—might take his pick of all he owned—whenever he got ready to build.

All these things rather worked upon Charles Converse. He hadn't saved a dollar, and what was more there was no present prospect that he ever would do so. The promised advance in his salary was already appropriated to sundry luxuries. The idea of taking Mary to the opera, or a pleasant trip to Niagara and other amabilities, had taken possession of him.

But the reasoning of his wife had produced a strong impression upon his mind. She had been brought up in the strictest habits of economy. Her father, though rich had an army of children; but they were all wealthy in their thrifty habits.

Charles read over and over again the circular of the Savings Bank in the course of the evening; figured up the statistics, and wondered what had become of that two hundred and sixty-eight dollars.

Before he went to bed he had matured a resolution, though he did not say a word to his wife about it.

CHAPTER II.—The next day, Charles Converse received a quarters salary, and his first step after receiving it was to visit the People's Savings Bank, where he deposited fifty dollars.

But the hundred and fifty which he had left burned in pockets. It was all he had to carry him through the ensuing three months. There were a dozen little things that he wanted, and a dozen big ones too for that matter. Against the latter he resolutely set his face, though, in consideration of the fact that his salary would be a thousand dollars a year after the next pay day, he had a week before made up his mind to have them.

Among other things, his cigar case was empty, and he stepped into Sevey's, in Congress street, to have it replenished.—Cigars were a great luxury—in fact a necessity to him in his opinion.

The gentlemanly proprietor of the establishment placed a box of the fragrant rolls upon the counter.

"Something new," said he.

Charles took up a handful and smelt them.

"Best cigars in the market," continued the vender.

"Tip-top," replied Charles, inhaling the grateful odor. "How do you sell them?"

"Four cents apiece."

Six of them were transferred to the case, a quarter thrown, and as it was not magnanimous to pick up a copper's change, he walked out of the store. But then, a little fellow inside of him seemed to say—

"Charley, you can't afford to smoke such cigars as those. They will hardly last you two days. If you must smoke, buy a cheaper cigar than that. You will not be able to build your house in ten years, at this rate."

He did not pay much attention to the monitorial voice, however, and as he passed along, he drank a sherry cobbler himself and paid for three friends, whom he could not help asking to drink with him, at Barton's.

At Vinton's a Charlotte-Rose was disposed of, and so on to the end of the chapter. And these were his daily habits. It was only a ninetieth of a quarter at a

time, and these sums were so ridiculously small, that they never caused him a thought. The idea that they absorbed any considerable portion of his salary, never occurred to him. He had always gratified his appetite or his inclination in these trifling matters, as they seemed to him, and they came to be regarded as necessities.

Still, Charles Converse had turned over a new leaf. He refrained from purchasing a great many articles which he had intended to get when he received the quarter salary, and as he seated himself in the cars he congratulated himself on firmness with which he had carried out the resolution of the previous evening.

"You are late Charles," said Mary when he reached his sunny little cottage.

"I have been paying my quarter bills," replied he with a smile. "Here they are, my sweet accountant."

He threw the bills upon the table and while she was examining them, he tossed his bank book in her face.

"What!" exclaimed she, in astonishment, as she saw the book. "Fifty dollars!"

"Yes my dear—female influence—the influence of a wife," and the husband playfully kissed her. "I am convicted of sin and converted too, which is better still. I am resolved to be prudent economical, saving even parsimonious."

"I am glad to hear it."

"And the house will be built in just five years according to the programme of the Savings Bank."

As he spoke he took from his pockets three of the city evening papers.

"Not quite cured Charles," said Mary with a smile.

"What do you mean?"

"Journal, Transcript, and Traveler—two cents each," laughed Mary. "You are determined the publishers shall live."

"Why, Mary, you wouldn't have me live without a newspaper, would you?"

"That would be a depth of barbarism to which I would never descend," replied Charles, with a look of astonishment at the interesting mentor.

"Certainly not; but is not one paper a day enough?"

"That is but a trifle."

"The rain falls in drops but washes the whole earth. Four cents a day for a year amounts to about twelve dollars."

Charles scratched his head. It was a most astounding revelation to him.

"You are right Mary. One paper is enough," abstracted. A new idea was penetrating his brain, which, he began to think, had been rather muddy on financial affairs.

As he rose from the table he took out his cigar case, as he did so, the little fellow within who had spoken to him when he came out of the cigar shop, began to upbraid him pretty sharply. He burnt his fingers in attempting to light the fragrant rolls, and he relapsed into a fit of deep musing.

"What are you thinking about, Charles?" asked Mary, after she had cleared away the table.

"Oh! Oh, I was thinking how much twelve times three hundred sixty-five are."

"Twelve means twelve cents, I suppose; said she, performing the problem on the margin of one of the newspapers. "Here it is—\$44.50."

"For cigars," added Charles, blandly.

"Which added to the sum paid for superfluous newspapers make \$59.25."

"And twenty for shaving, which I may do myself, are \$79.25," continued Charles, taking the pencil and ciphering away with all his might for a few moments.

"Gleason's Pictorial, Home Journal, Saturday Courier, and your County paper comes too—"

"But my dear, we can't do without our County paper!" exclaimed Charles, looking with amazement into the face of his wife.

"I don't want you to do without that, Charles."

"Sherry cobbler, ice cream, and oysters over a hundred dollars, by thunder!" continued Charles turning to his figures again.

"Indeed!"

"I begin to see where the two hundred and sixty-eight dollars have gone to," said he.

"And sherry cobbler are worse than useless. I had no idea you drank Charles."

"Say no more, Mary; I am done."

And he was done. The idea of "saving" anything took complete possession of him—not so far as to make him niggardly, but far enough to make him abandon

the four cents cigars, three evening papers, Vinton's compounds, and especially sherry cobbler.

On the next quarter day, one hundred dollars was added to his deposit at the Savings Bank, and his habits improved afterwards, and his salary was still further increased, much greater sums were added.

In four years the house was built, new furniture bought and paid for, and Charles is considered one of the most thrifty young men in the town—all which propitious events, he honestly believe, had their origin in the beneficent influence of the Savings Bank whose circular had opened his eyes and stimulated him to carry out his resolution.

A Chapter of Horrors.

A letter from Norfolk received at Petersburg, gives the following chapter of horrors:

I saw at the Potter's Field (so great is the difficulty in obtaining grave diggers,) about 16 to 20 feet square, in which was buried the bodies of 34 victims, piled one upon another, and covered over with lime, forming one huge and monstrous mound.

Many have been interred without coffins, or anything else, save the blanket upon which they died. Several of our wealthiest citizens have been buried in rough square boxes, and the graves dug by their friends.

In one instance, I heard of a father digging the graves of his two only daughters; and as many as nineteen to twenty bodies have been lying on the ground at the Cemetery waiting their turn for interment as soon as the holes were dug, for in many instances they were not more than two and a half feet deep.

Business is entirely suspended and the stores all closed. You cannot obtain a pound of sugar or a piece of soap. The rich as well as the poor are dependent upon the Howard Association, who have established a provision store, and who dispense food and provisions to the needy with a bountiful hand.

A Fast Boy.

There is a fast boy out in Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, who if he gets no back set, will scarcely fail to reach Congress or the Penitentiary one of these days.

His school teacher, a young lady, was prosecuted by his parents for pretty severely welting the young rascal's back for his badness.

The case went up to court and the verdict of the jury was, in effect, "served him right." We give part of the boy's testimony, the wit of which atoned for his rudeness. He asked her to do a sum for him, which was to subtract 9 from 25. One of the counsel asked him if he could not do it without her assistance.

Boy.—I might, but the arithmetic said I couldn't subtract 9 from 3 without borrowing 10, and I didn't know where the 10—10 to borrow it.

It is questionable whether a boy who doesn't know where to borrow a ten, will ever get to Congress.

A very small man who is blessed with a large wife, that instead of looking up to him with admiration, is in the habit of looking down upon him with something like contempt, called her yesterday, in her presence, by way of compliment, "my better half."

"Your better half," said she with a disdainful toss of the head, "you had better say your 'best three-quarters'; you are not more than one-fourth of the joint concern, no how!"

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case."

"Ah, sir," replied the conscious witness, "but you must just think of what I didn't say."

A minister in Connecticut recently wound up his forenoon discourse by advising such of his congregation as had hay out, to "go to work and get it in, for it looked likely to rain."

A Chandler having had some candles stolen, one bid him be of good cheer, "For in a short time," said he, "I am confident they will all come to light."

A lady was asked to join one of the divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied:

"It is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the sons in course of a few weeks."

Some descendant of Solomon has wisely remarked, that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

A Rich Old Uncle.

AND A BILIOUS FEVER.

BY OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Linda Ray was scarcely seventeen. Beautiful as an houri, of course, as all heroines are. But more than this, Linda had a mind and a heart of goodness, as well as personal beauty.

She was the brightest scholar of Mrs. Seminary, and was the joy of her father, the pride of her mother, the go-between and confidant of a store of little Rays—her noisy young brood of brothers—and the friend and comforter of all the poor and distressed who came within her knowledge.

Linda was engaged to young Slocum, an embryo lawyer of fashion and of some talent, who had only the slender income of his profession to depend upon, but which, added to the modest little fortune of Linda, would enable the young couple to live quite comfortably.

It was now in the fifth month of April. The following June was to witness the bridal day of Linda and her lawyer lover, upon which event the happy pair were to start for the Springs.

Linda looked magnificently on horseback, and on this April morning, indulging in her favorite exercise, she was sitting like the queen of beauty, glowing with freshness and radiant with joy, upon the back of her matchless bay—the most knowing and graceful piece of horseflesh to be lighted on by a fond and indulgent parent.

Young Slocum was by her side, and was descending upon the beauty of the morning and the beauty of the "morning queen," when suddenly the latter sped from his side like the morning breeze. Linda's steel had taken flight, and was flying thro' the air, scarce touching the paving stones, at a fearful rate.

"She will certainly be thrown and killed!" and Slocum's heart, as he exclaimed thus—or the place where his heart should have been—beat with a feeling akin to despair.

When, however, Slocum arrived some three or four miles further, towards the edge of the city, a scene met his view that called up other emotions than those of pleasure at the safety of his beloved.

Linda was seated on the turf, reclining against the trunk of a tree. A tall, handsome stranger was bending over her, lavishing her brow with water, and pouring the magnetism of his warm life into his fainting energies.

The look—the strange, mysterious look—that of some recognizing soul, which passed between them when Linda opened her eyes full upon him, haunted young Slocum like a disagreeable nightmare for months after.

The next day, the tall handsome stranger called upon the lovely girl he had rescued from certain death, to inquire